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THE RETURN OF
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GORGO
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AUGUST

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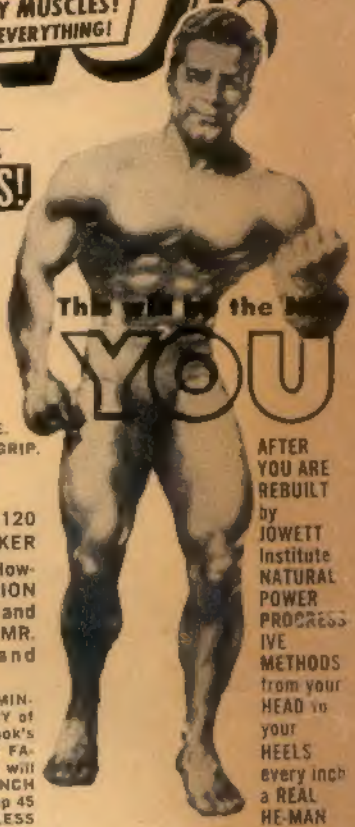

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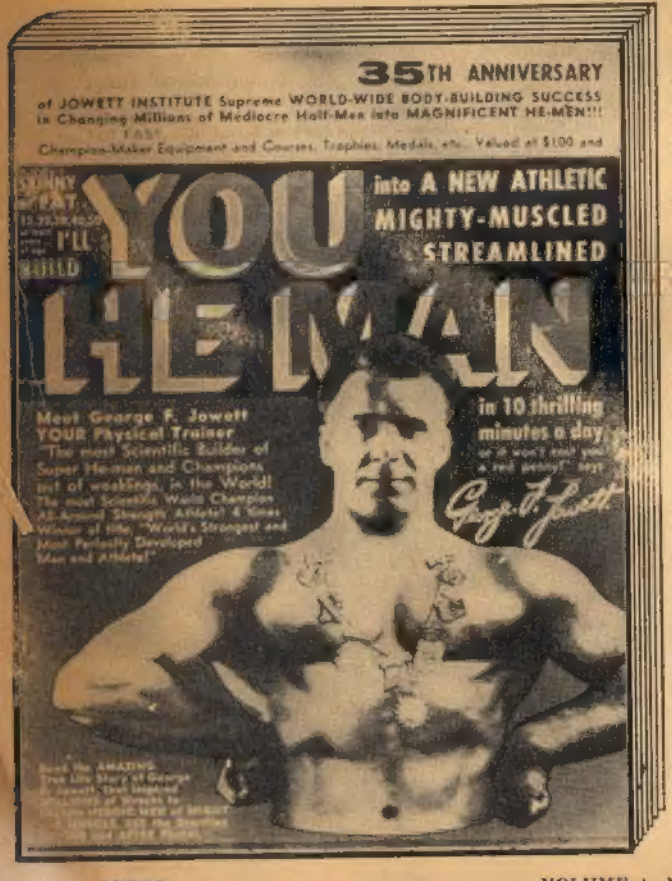
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GORGO VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2 AUGUST, 1961

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GORGO RETURNS

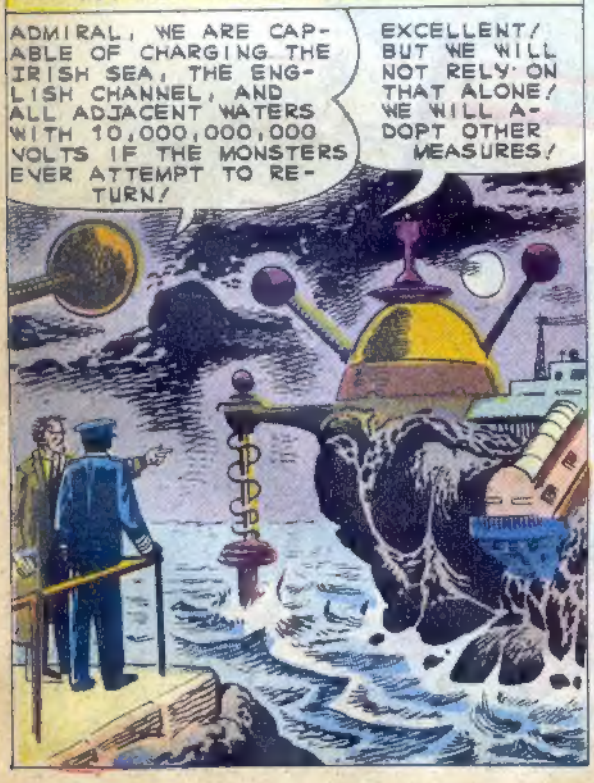
THE SCIENTISTS REFUSED TO BELIEVE THE REPORTS THAT THE MONSTROUS REPTILE REALLY EXISTED...THE SPECIES BECAME EXTINCT 2,000,000 YEARS AGO, BACK IN THE DAWN OF TIME/ YET, INCREDIBLY, THERE HE WAS ON THE RUNWAYS OF INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT MOVING TOWARD NEW YORK CITY, DEFYING MAN AND HIS TERRIBLE WEAPONS/ SMASHING THE SLEEK AND DEADLY WARPLANES FROM THE SKY, UNHURT BY THE POWERFUL TANKS AND ARTILLERY SHELLS BURSTING AGAINST HIS REPTILIAN SKIN/

IDLEWILD CONTROL TO ALL MILITARY PLANES, ROCKETS AND ARTILLERY USELESS AGAINST GORGO/ ATOMIC BOMBS MUST BE USED OR HE WILL DESTROY THE CITY/ ALL CIVILIANS MUST BE EVACUATED IN THIS AREA/ REQUEST IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE FROM ARMY, NAVY, AND AIR FORCE/

THAT WASN'T THE FIRST LOOK MAN HAD AT GORGO...ONCE BEFORE THE ANCIENT REPTILE HAD ASCENDED FROM THE HIDDEN DEPTHS TO CHALLENGE ALL MANKIND/ ON THAT OCCASION, THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON HAD PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE FOR TRYING TO EXPLOIT THE BABY MONSTER...

GORGO'S LOVING MOTHER, HAD SMASHED INLAND, IGNORING THE ARMED MIGHT OF ALL ENGLAND TO RESCUE HER MAMMOTH OFFSPRING/

MEN WHO SAW THE INCREDIBLE CREATURES PRAYED THEY WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN/ OTHERS DID MORE THAN PRAY...THEY PLANNED...


ADMIRAL, WE ARE CAPABLE OF CHARGING THE IRISH SEA, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AND ALL ADJACENT WATERS WITH 10,000,000,000 VOLTS IF THE MONSTERS EVER ATTEMPT TO RETURN/
EXCELLENT/ BUT WE WILL NOT RELY ON THAT ALONE/ WE WILL ADOPT OTHER MEASURES/

THERE WAS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT GORGO AND HER OFFSPRING/ THE MASSIVE CREATURES WERE BACK IN THEIR HABITAT AT 30,000 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE/

THEN, IT BEGAN HAPPENING/ HUGE GENERATORS ON THE ENGLISH COAST WENT INTO OPERATION...

THE WATERS OF THE IRISH SEA ARE NOW ELECTRICALLY CHARGED/

GORGO'S MOTHER, DOZING AWAY THE YEARS, FELT THE PRICKLE OF ELECTRICITY...AWAKENED, ALARMED FOR HER BABY, GORGO/

GORGO, OF COURSE, PLAYFUL AS A 500 TON PUP, IGNORED HIS MOTHER'S NUDGES...

FINALLY, LIKE MOST PARENTS, SHE HAD TO DO IT THE HARD WAY/

THE TWO HEADED WEST...AWAY FROM THE IRISH COAST WHERE THERE WERE CANNON AND FLAMETHROWERS, ANNOYING ELECTRICAL CURRENTS AND CONSTANT HARASSMENT/ WESTWARD TOWARD AMERICA...

THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND DRIFTING ICE FLOES, STORM-TOSSED SEAS...AND A QUICK LOOK AROUND/

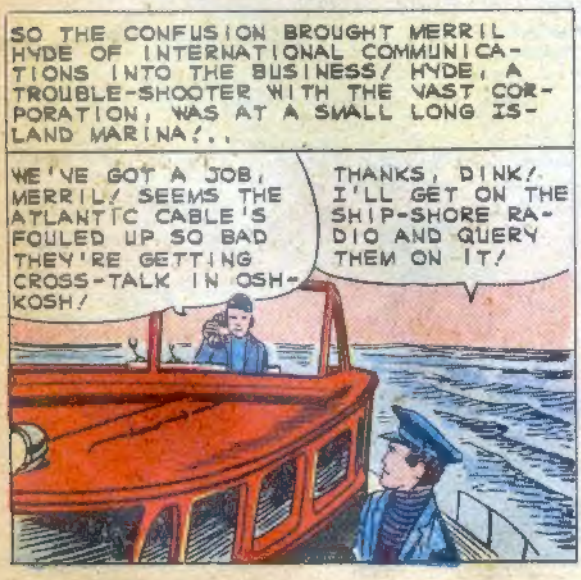
DOWN AGAIN... SMASHING EASILY THROUGH THE FISHING NETS OF THE COD TRAWLERS ON THE GRAND BANK/

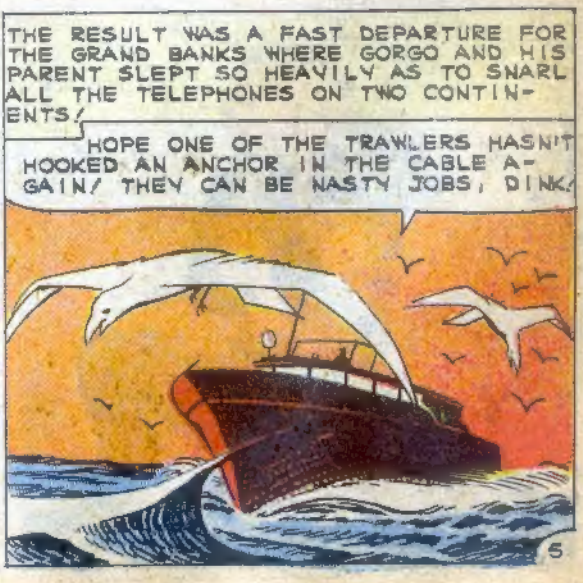
THEN, OFF THE COAST, THEY RESTED AFTER THE 2,000 MILE JOURNEY/ THEY FED WELL ON THE TEEMING SCHOOLS OF COD...

AND RESTED MORE...

HARMLESS? YES...BUT THEIR VERY BULK ON THE OCEAN FLOOR WAS HAVING AN ODD EFFECT ON MANKIND/ IN PARIS, A PARFEUMER TALKING TO A HOLLYWOOD STARLET DISCOVERED...
ZIZI, STOP TALKING ZIS WAY/ YOU KNOW YOU CANNOT SPEAK CHINESE/
出狀

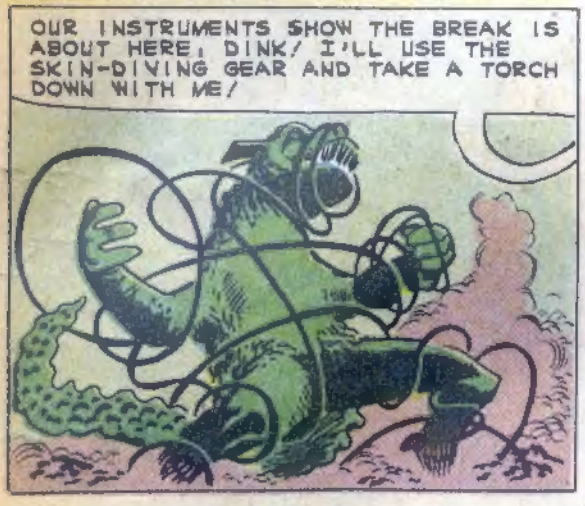
BLASTED TELEPHONE'S HAYWIRE/
I SAY, OLD CHAP, STOP MOUTHING THAT GIBBERISH/
GIBBERISH? YOU BLASTED LIMEY, I SPEAK OXONIAN ENGLISH/
NYET/ NYET/ BAH/

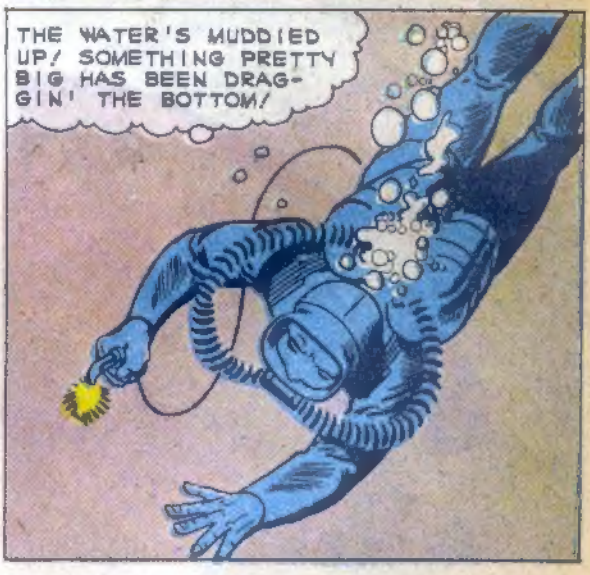

SO THE CONFUSION BROUGHT MERRIL HYDE OF INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS INTO THE BUSINESS/ HYDE, A TROUBLE-SHOOTER WITH THE VAST CORPORATION, WAS AT A SMALL LONG ISLAND MARINA/..
WE'VE GOT A JOB, MERRIL/ SEEMS THE ATLANTIC CABLE'S FOULED UP SO BAD THEY'RE GETTING CROSS-TALK IN OSHKOSH/
THANKS, DINK/ I'LL GET ON THE SHIP-SHORE RADIO AND QUERY THEM ON IT/

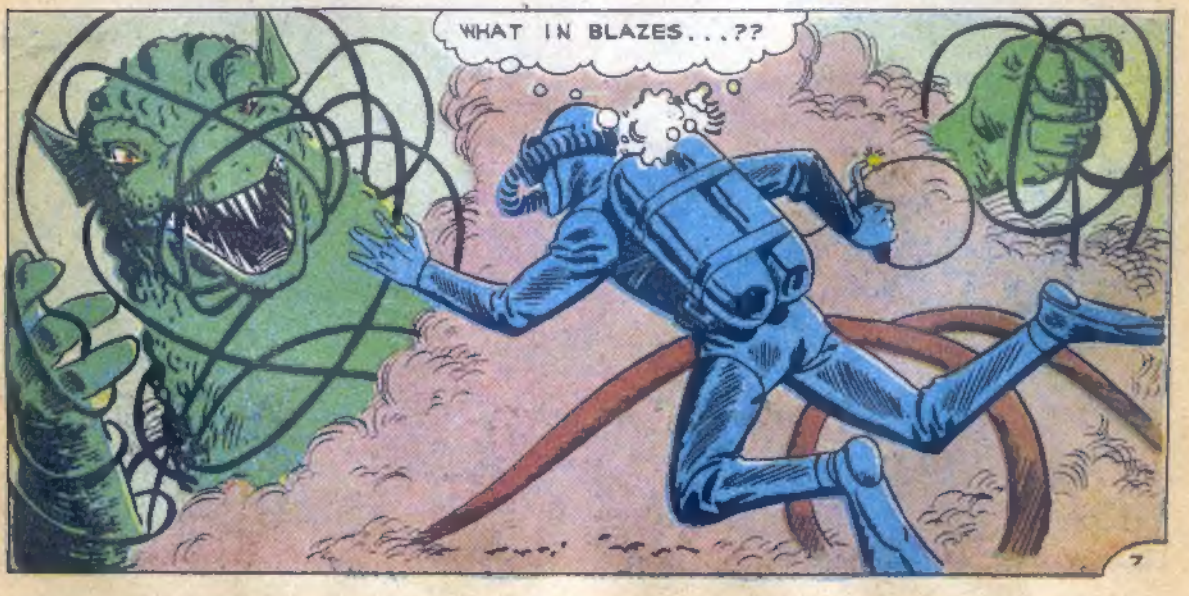

THE RESULT WAS A FAST DEPARTURE FOR THE GRAND BANKS WHERE GORGO AND HIS PARENT SLEPT SO HEAVILY AS TO SNARL ALL THE TELEPHONES ON TWO CONTINENTS/
I HOPE ONE OF THE TRAWLERS HASN'T HOOKED AN ANCHOR IN THE CABLE AGAIN/ THEY CAN BE NASTY JOBS, DINK/

THEY SLEPT LONG AND WELL...AND GORGO AWAKENED FIRST, IN A PLAYFUL MOOD LIKE ANY MONSTER OF TENDER YEARS/ HIS MOTHER SLEPT ON AS...
THERE SHE BLOWS/
THIS AIN'T NO WHALE, YE CONSARNED IDJIT/
IT AIN'T A WHALE AT THAT/
THEN, DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DEEP TO THE BOTTOM...WHERE ANOTHER DISTRACTION OFFERED SPORT/
ABOARD THE TROUBLE III PLOWING THROUGH NORTH ATLANTIC SWELLS, MERRIL HYDE RECEIVED ADDITIONAL ORDERS.
HYDE, FIND THE TROUBLE QUICKLY, YOU HEAR? DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO DO TO RESTORE TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE AT ONCE/
WILL DO, BOSS/
6

THE COILED CABLE SUCCEEDED; THE PREHISTORIC GIANT LIZARD WAS CAUGHT!







IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T USE THE CABLE WITH THIS CRITTER TIED UP IN IT/ FIRST THING TO DO IS CUT THE DAMAGED PORTION LOOSE/

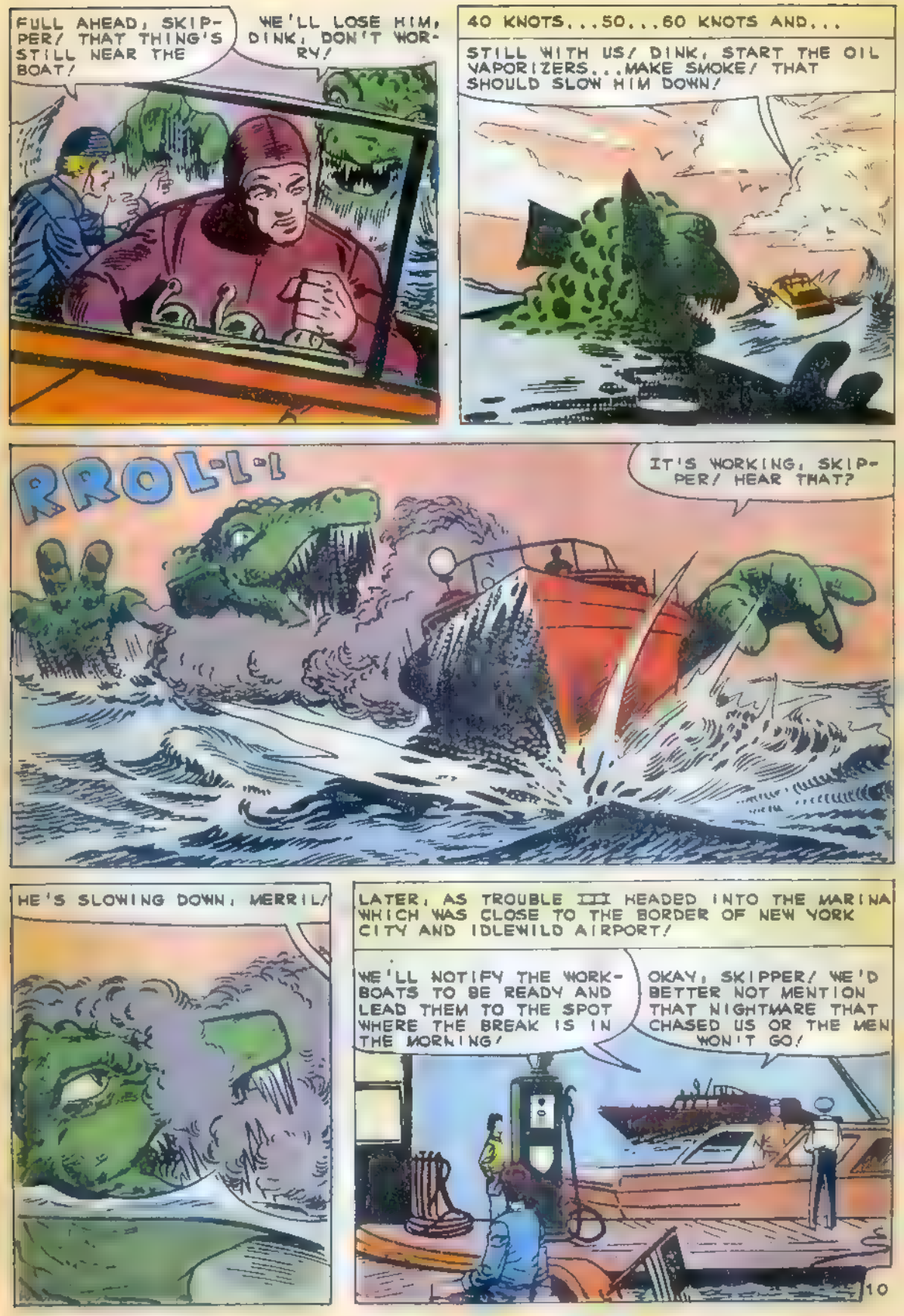
MERRIL HYDE, ONE OF THE WORLD'S BRAVEST MEN, CHOSE THE FIRST PLACE TO CUT, A LOOP AROUND THE MONSTER'S WAIST/

WITH ONE LOOP OFF, HE FELT THE MONSTER SHIFTING, KNEW IT WAS ALMOST FREE...SO HE CUT ANOTHER/

THEN, GORGO FEELING THE CABLES LOOSENING, GAVE A CONVULSIVE HEAVE AND...

SONOFAGUN GOT LOOSE QUICKER THAN I EXPECTED/ I SURE HOPE HE DOESN'T COME FOR ME/

GORGO QUICKLY PAWED THE REMAINING LOOPS OF CABLE AWAY...
GOT TO GET TO THE BOAT AND WARN DINK/
QUICK, DINK, START THE ENGINES/ GOT TO GET AWAY/ MONSTER DOWN THERE, HUNDREDS OF FEET LONG/
YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM NITROGEN NARCOSIS/
SO AM I/
FOR A LONG AND TERRIBLE MOMENT, GORGO LOOMED OVER THE BOAT...ONE QUICK SLASH WOULD DESTROY BOTH BOAT AND MEN/ BUT, STRANGELY, HE DIDN'T SEEM HOSTILE/
DON'T SHOOT, DINK/
OKAY, SKIPPER/ A BULLET WOULDN'T DENT HIM ANYHOW/


FULL AHEAD, SKIPPER/ THAT THING'S STILL NEAR THE BOAT/
WE'LL LOSE HIM, DINK, DON'T WORRY/
40 KNOTS...50...60 KNOTS AND...
STILL WITH US/ DINK, START THE OIL VAPORIZERS...MAKE SMOKE/ THAT SHOULD SLOW HIM DOWN/
RROL-L-L
IT'S WORKING, SKIPPER/ HEAR THAT?
HE'S SLOWING DOWN, MERRIL/
LATER, AS TROUBLE III HEADED INTO THE MARINA WHICH WAS CLOSE TO THE BORDER OF NEW YORK CITY AND IDLEWILD AIRPORT/
WE'LL NOTIFY THE WORKBOATS TO BE READY AND LEAD THEM TO THE SPOT WHERE THE BREAK IS IN THE MORNING/
OKAY, SKIPPER/ WE'D BETTER NOT MENTION THAT NIGHTMARE THAT CHASED US OR THE MEN WON'T GO/

BUT GORGO HADN'T ABANDONED THE CHASE...PERHAPS THERE WAS GRATITUDE IN HIS HUGE HEART...OR A FAINT COAL OF CURIOSITY BURNED IN HIS BRAIN/ HE WASN'T FAR AWAY...IN FACE, HE WAS RIGHT OFF THE PORT WHERE TROUBLE III HAD DOCKED/

NOTHIN' OUT HERE BUT MINNOWS, DARN IT/

ON SHORE, MERRIL HYDE HAD DRIVEN QUICKLY TO THE COMPANY OFFICES IN MANHATTAN AND...

WHAT? YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS YARN?

YOU'D BETTER, SATTERTHWAITE/ I DID'T INVENT THE CRITTER/

LAST YEAR, LONDON WAS RAZED BY TWO CREATURES EXACTLY LIKE IT/ I THINK WE'D BETTER NOTIFY WASHINGTON AND URGE THEM TO TAKE APPROPRIATE ACTION/

IN WASHINGTON THERE WERE MEN WHO SCOFFED...BUT LUCKILY, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WAS NOT ONE OF THEM/

BUT, MR. PRESIDENT, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE...

I DO, ADMIRAL/ I KNOW MERRIL HYDE AND HE DOESN'T LIE OR EXAGGERATE/ YOU'LL COOPERATE WITH THE AIR FORCE AND INVESTIGATE FULLY/

IT WAS AN AIR FORCE PILOT FLYING LOW AND SLOW IN AN L 17-B OBSERVATION PLANE THAT SIGHTED GORGO FIRST...

HONEST, IT'S AS BIG AS THAT CIVILIAN DIVER SAID/ TREMENDOUS/

THE OBSERVATION PLANE'S BROADCAST WAS HEARD BY A HOT-ROCK FIGHTER PILOT WHO CAME FLASHING DOWN AND...

AM ABOVE MONSTER ON BOMBING RUN/

SWOOOSH

SWOOOSH

GOT 'IM/

MERRIL HYDE WAS ABOARD TROUBLE III WHEN HE HEARD THE TRANSMISSIONS ON THE FIGHTER FREQUENCY/ HE ACTED AT ONCE...

WE'RE GOING OUT THERE, DINK/ I SHOULD'VE TOLD THEM NOT TO USE CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS ON THE BEAST/

IT'S NAME IS GORGO, I FOUND OUT, MERRIL/ THE BRITISH TRIED BOMBS, FLAME-THROWERS, AND ARTILLERY WITHOUT HURTING IT OR THE BIGGER ONE/

THE DEFEAT HANDED THE BRITISH NAVY, WAS KEPT IN MIND AS HEAVY CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS RACED OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR/

GUNPOINT FROM HOWITZER/ DO NOT ATTACK WITHOUT SPECIFIC ORDERS/ SUGGESTION MADE TO USE SMOKE SCREEN TO DRIVE CREATURE BACK TOWARD OPEN SEA--WE WILL TRY IT/

I SHOULD'VE RETIRED EARLIER THIS YEAR BEFORE THIS CAME UP/ IF THE SAME THING HAPPENS TO OUR SHIPS THAT HAPPENED TO THE BRITISH, I'LL BE RUINED/

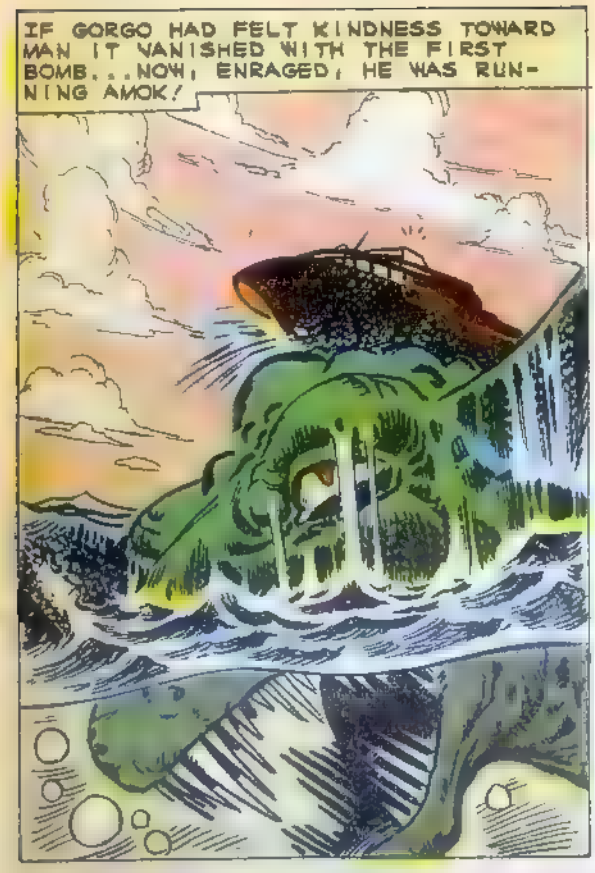
GORGO WAS MAD/ ONCE MORE BATTERED AND BURNED AND RIPPED AT BY MAN'S PUNY WEAPONS, HE WAS PAIN-CRAZED AND LOOKING FOR REVENGE/

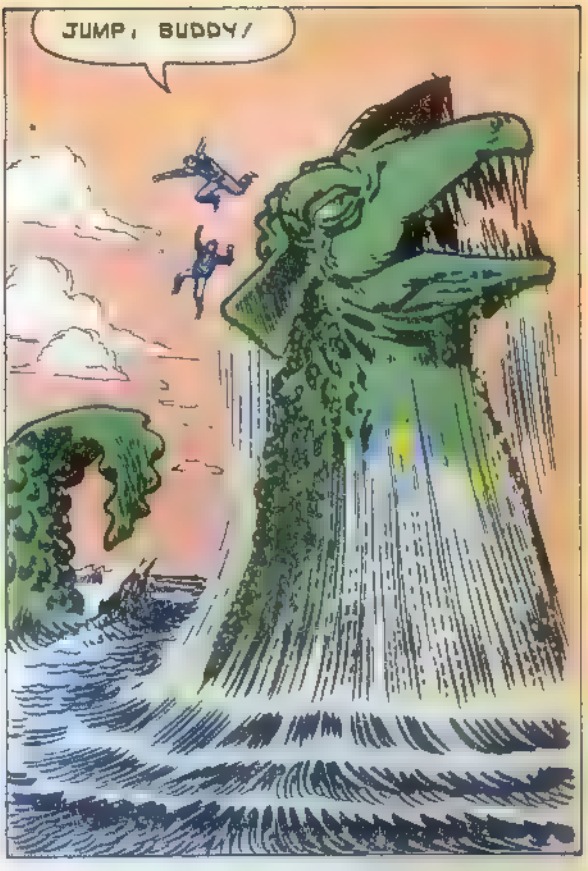
USE THE FLAME-THROWER, DINK/ KEEP HIM AT A DISTANCE/

IT WORKS, SKIPPER/ HE'S TURNING A-WAY/

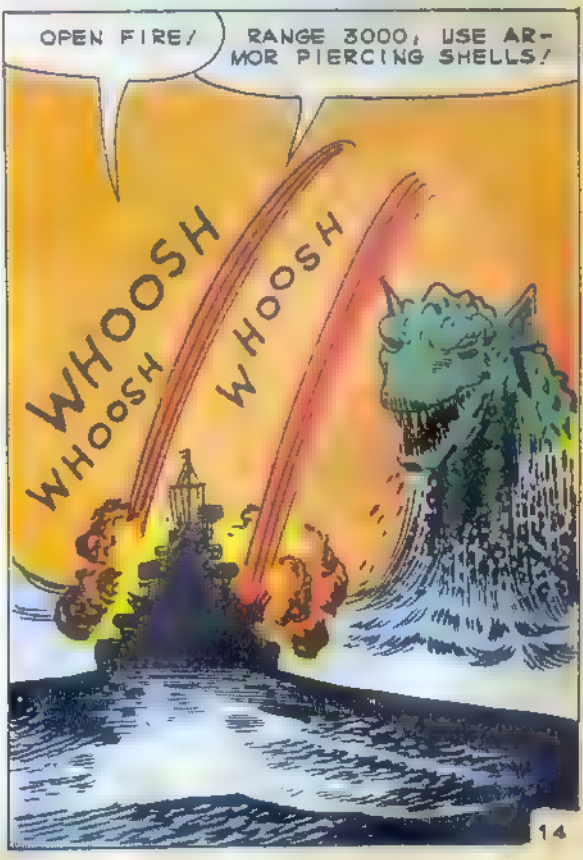
IF WE CAN ONLY DRIVE HIM OUT TO DEEP WATER...

HE WENT UNDER, SKIPPER/ HE'S DOWN THERE...MAYBE COMING UP TO ATTACK THE BOAT/


IF GORGO HAD FELT KINDNESS TOWARD MAN IT VANISHED WITH THE FIRST BOMB...NOW, ENRAGED, HE WAS RUNNING AMOK!


JUMP, BUDDY!

THE TWO TROUBLE-SHOOTERS HIT THE WATER AND SWAM FOR THEIR LIVES!
WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?
HE SIGHTED THE CRUISER! SWIM FOR IT, DINK, THEY WILL BE LOBBING SHELLS IN HERE ANY SECOND!


OPEN FIRE!
RANGE 3000, USE ARMOR PIERCING SHELLS!
WHOOSH
WHOOSH
WHOOSH

SHATTERING CRASHERS MARKED THE PATH OF THE SHELLS/ TONS OF LETHAL STEEL SLASHED AND TORE AT GORGO...

THAT'S IT/ FIRE AT WILL/

ONCE MORE GORGO SUBMERGED, CONFUSED AND FURIOUS, HEADING NOT TOWARD THE OPEN SEA WHERE THE DANGER LAY BUT IN TOWARD LAND/

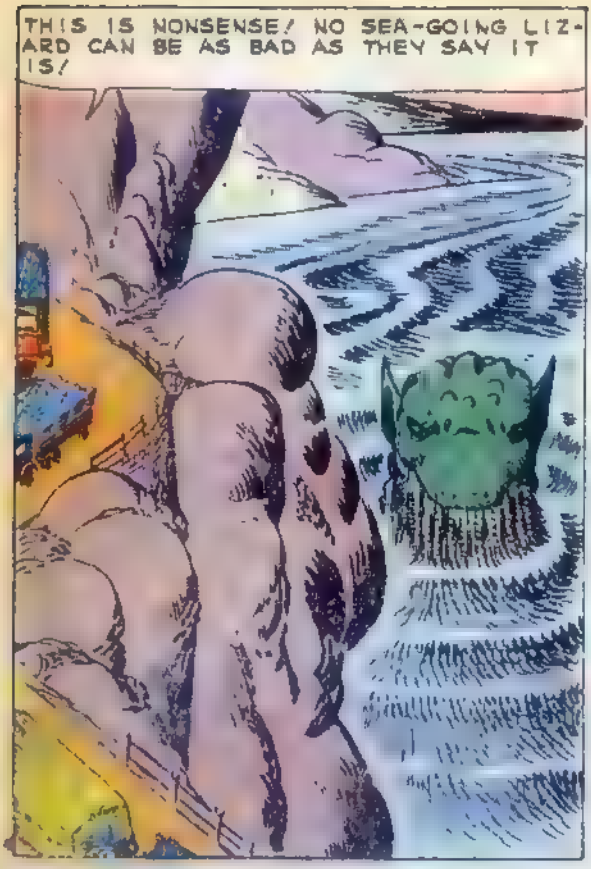
FEEL THE RUSH OF WATER, DINK? HE JUST WENT PAST... HEADING FOR SHORE/

ONCE HE GETS THERE, HE'LL KILL THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE/

BUT, OVERHEAD, A COAST GUARD HELICOPTER PILOT HAD SEEN THE MOVING BLUR BENEATH THE SURFACE AND...

EVACUATE ALL SHORE POINTS THIS AREA/ GORGO HEADING FOR LAND/ GET THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AWAY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE/

BUSLOADS, TRUCKLOADS, CARLOADS OF PEOPLE SPEWED INTO INLAND TOWNS...

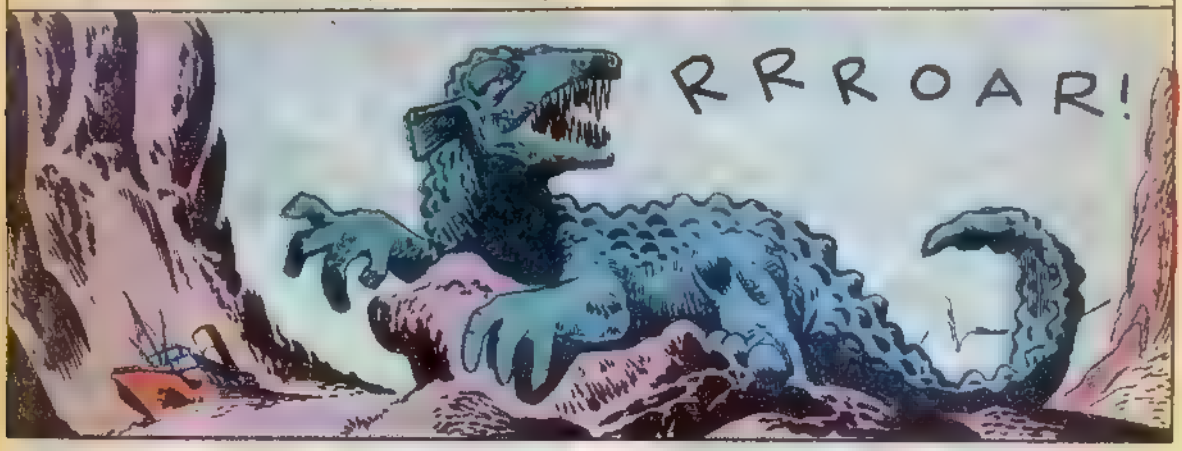

THIS IS NONSENSE/ NO SEA-GOING LIZARD CAN BE AS BAD AS THEY SAY IT IS/

INSHORE HE CAME, GRINDING AHEAD THROUGH BUILDINGS AND POWER LINES...
NOTHING WILL STOP THAT BEAST/

D GORGO, ABOARD A COAST GUARD , MERRIL HYDE HAD THE SAME ON...
WE CAN'T DES- IT/ WE'VE GOT TO IT/ CHIEF, YOU KNOW THAT BIG SAND INLAND?
YES, SIR, I KNOW WHERE IT IS/

HE'S GETTING 500,000 VOLTS OF JUICE RIGHT NOW/ DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER HIM AT ALL/

MEANWHILE, GORGO'S PARENT WAS AWAKENING AT LAST...HER FIRST LOOK WAS FOR HER BELOVED OFF-SPRING, OF COURSE/



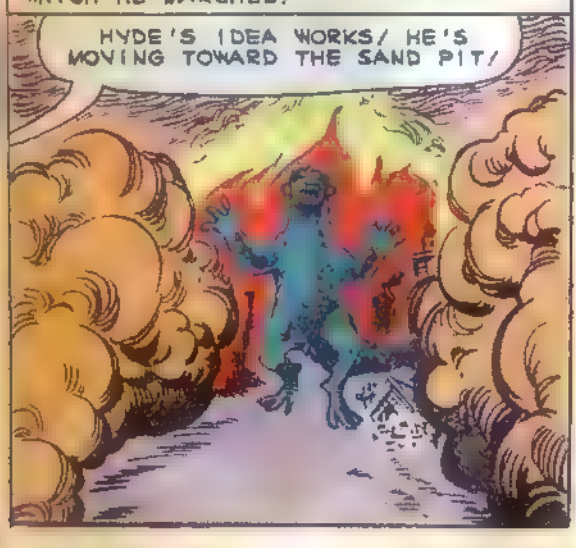
MERRIL HYDE WAS FLOWN ASHORE BY HELICOPTER...AND HIS PLAN RELATED TO NATIONAL GUARD OTIS CLEEK, IN COMMAND OF THE DISASTER AREA/

...AND THE SAND PIT IS PLENTY DEEP/ HAVE YOUR ENGINEERS MINE THE SIDES/ WE'LL STEER GORGO TOWARD THE PIT BY USING SMOKE WHICH HE DEFINITELY DOESN'T LIKE/

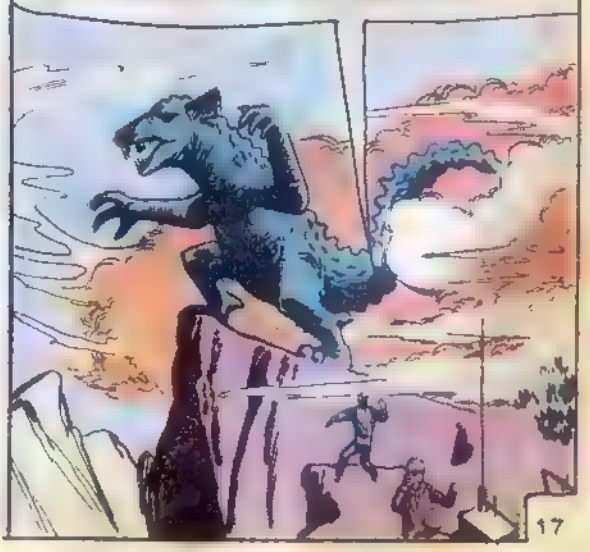
FIRST SENSIBLE IDEA I'VE HEARD/ WE WILL TRY IT/

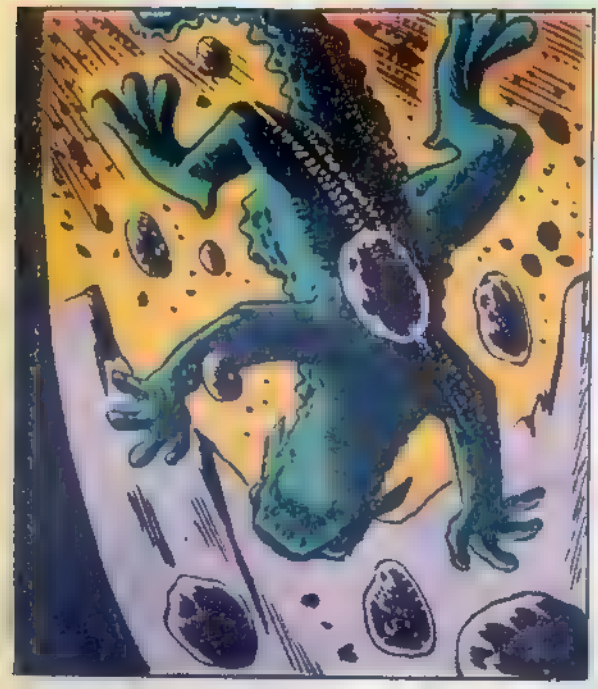
SO HUGE SMOKE GENERATORS ALONG GORGO'S LINE OF ADVANCE WERE STARTED UP...CREATING A TUNNEL DOWN WHICH HE MARCHED/

HYDE'S IDEA WORKS/ HE'S MOVING TOWARD THE SAND PIT/



HE'S ON THE EDGE...SIGNAL TO YOUR ENGINEERS NOW/ BLAST THE SPOT HE'S ON...TUMBLE HIM INTO THE PIT/





HUGE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES RIPPED AT THE STEEP SAND BANK! TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SAND AND EARTH FELL INWARD AND...

MIGHTY GORGO WAS HELPLESS, CAUGHT, UNABLE TO MOVE/ BUT HE COULD ROAR.. AND THE FEARSOME SOUNDS TERRIFIED EVERYONE FROM BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT TO SOUTH PHILADELPHIA/

ROWL

SIXTY MILES OFF-SHORE, SEEKING HER SON, THE MONSTER HEARD THE DISTRESSFUL CRY...

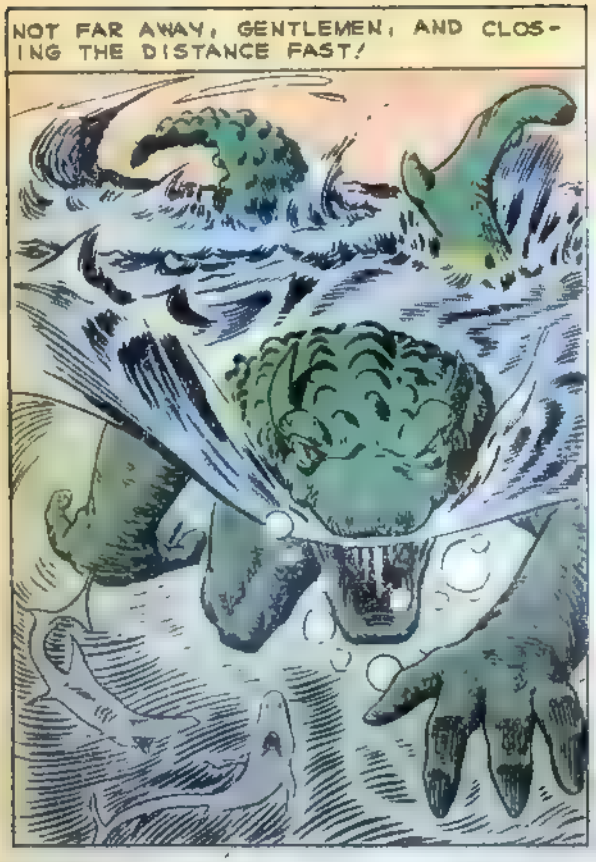
MEANWHILE, MERRIL HYDE, GENERAL CLEEK, AND ADMIRAL SATTERTHWAITE WERE CONFERRING...

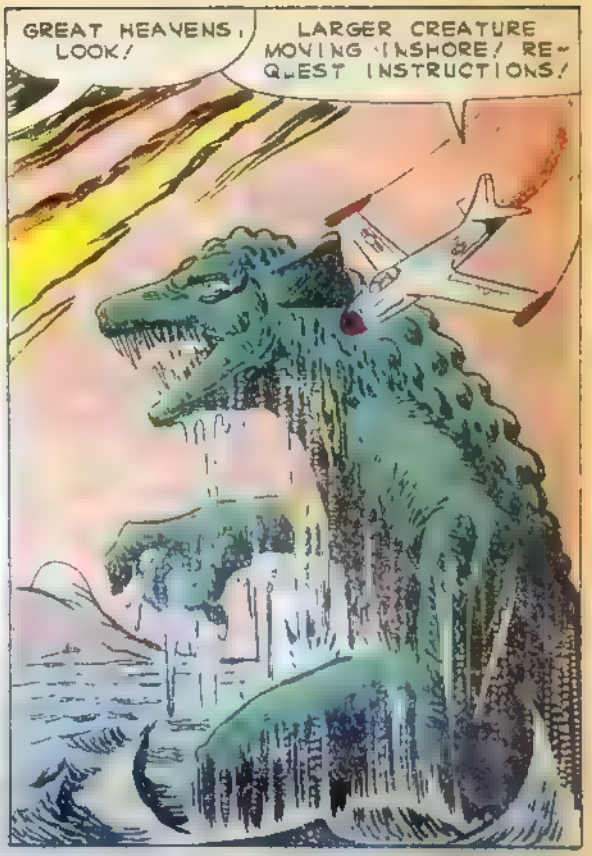
ABOUT TWO TONS OF DYNAMITE WILL DO THE JOB/

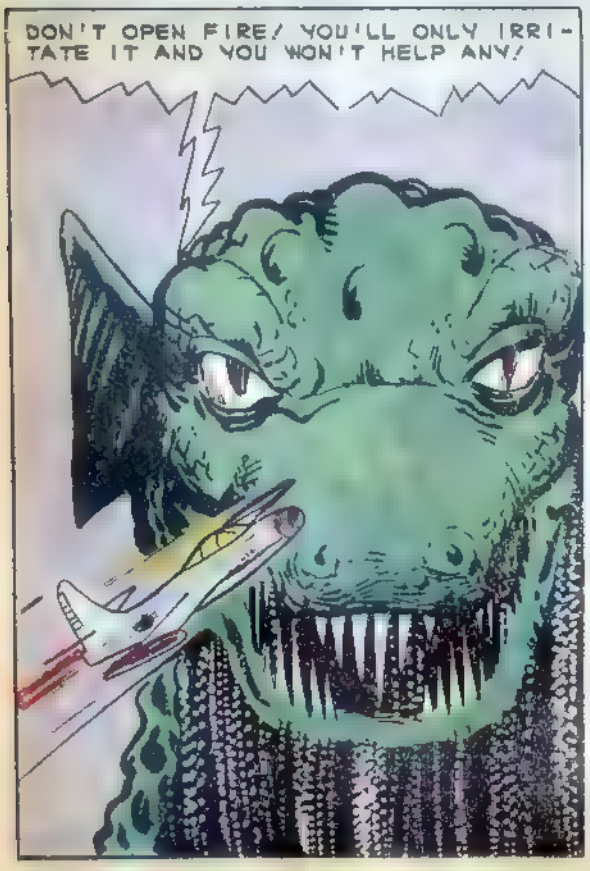
GENERAL, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD/ IF ONLY WE COULD GET HIM TO GO BACK INTO THE OCEA...

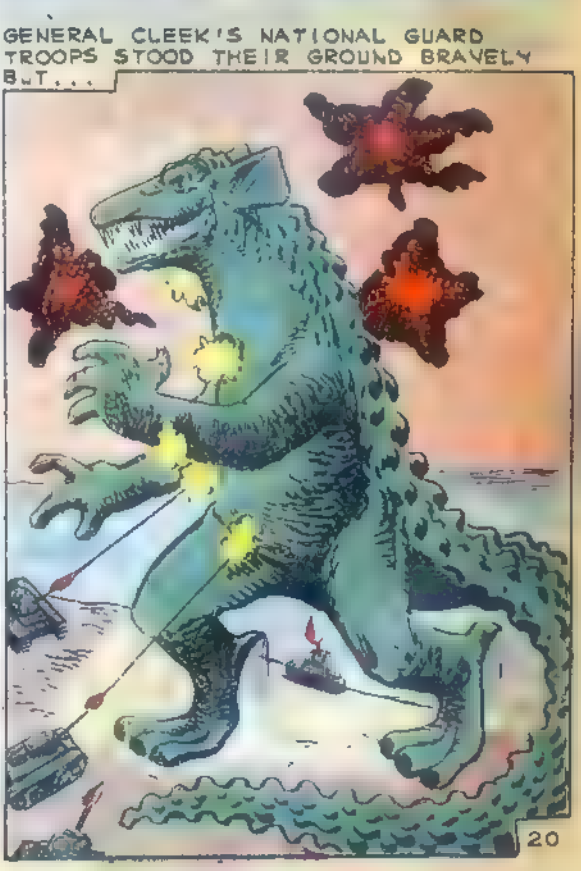
TUT, TUT, MISTER/ LET'S KEEP HIM HERE ON DRY LAND/ DON'T GO GIVING ME ANY MORE TROUBLE THAN I ALREADY HAVE/

HAVE ANY OF YOU THOUGHT...OF GORGO'S MOTHER? WE KNOW SHE EXISTS/ SHE SMASHED LONDON, REMEMBER/ WHERE IS SHE NOW?


NOT FAR AWAY, GENTLEMEN, AND CLOSING THE DISTANCE FAST!


GREAT HEAVENS, LOOK!
LARGER CREATURE MOVING INSHORE! REQUEST INSTRUCTIONS!

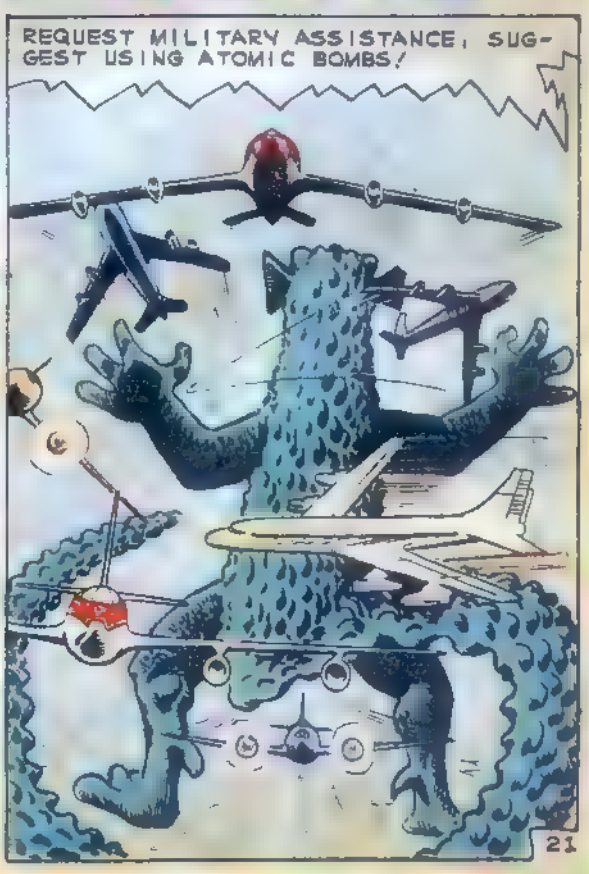

DON'T OPEN FIRE! YOU'LL ONLY IRRITATE IT AND YOU WON'T HELP ANY!

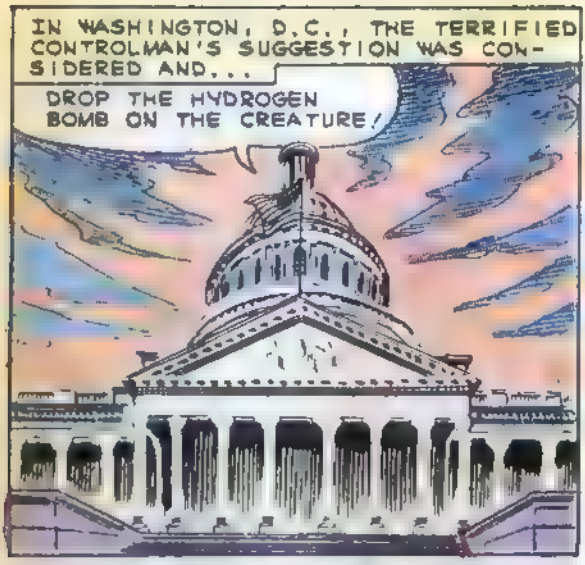

GENERAL CLEEK'S NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS STOOD THEIR GROUND BRAVELY BUT...

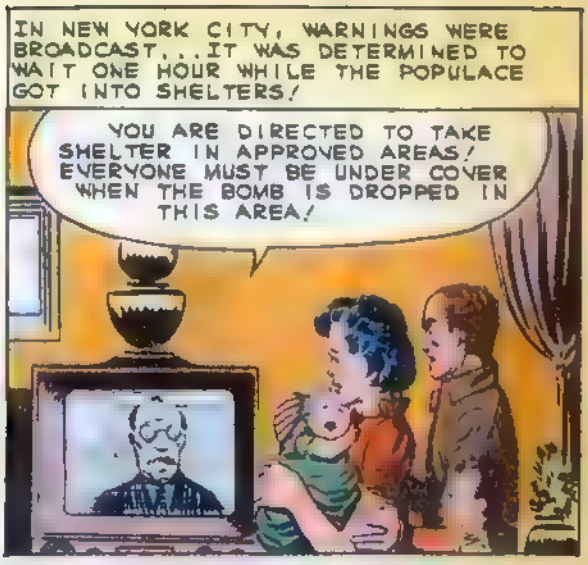
SET FIRE TO ALL THE BUILDINGS IN YOUR VICINITY/ KEEP THE THING FROM REACHING THE OTHER CREATURE/
FIRE THE AREA, SERGEANT/ BURN EVERY-THING/

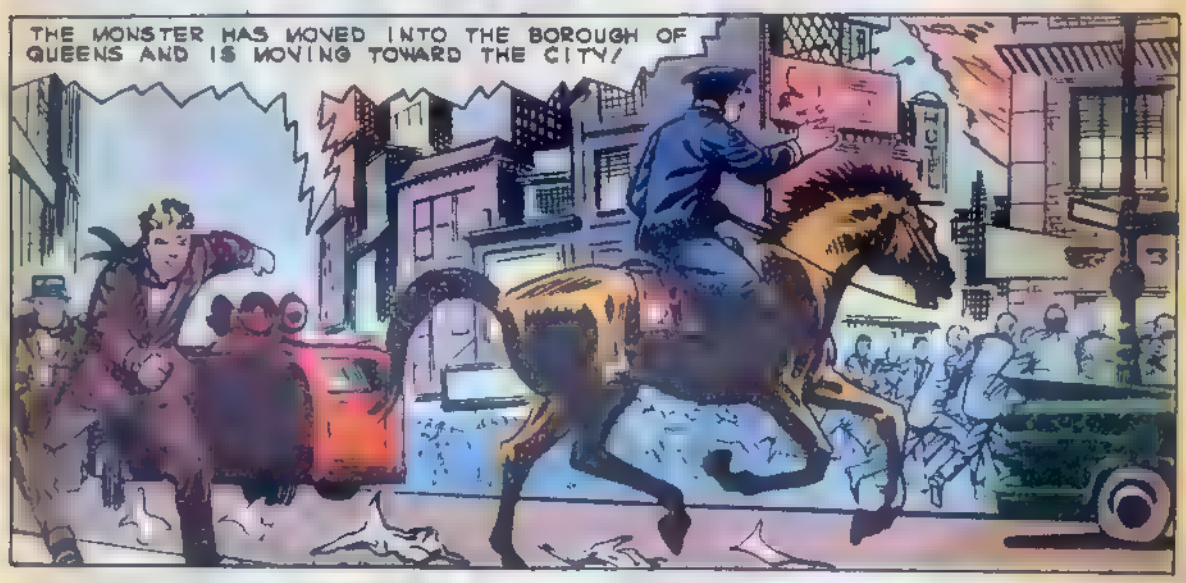
A WALL OF FLAME STOOD BETWEEN THE MONSTER AND HER BABY/ SHE TRIED TO KEEP ON BUT...
IT'S MOVING WEST NOW/ GENERAL, YOUR PLAN WORKED/

YES, WESTWARD...INTO A MORE POPU-LATED AREA...TOWARD KEY POINTS SUCH AS IDLEWILD AIRPORT/
FLIGHT 101 TO CONTROL IDLEWILD/ YOU'D BETTER GET ALL PLANES OFF THE GROUND/ MONSTER AT END OF RUN-WAY NOW/
PAN


REQUEST MILITARY ASSISTANCE, SUG-GEST USING ATOMIC BOMBS/


IN WASHINGTON, D.C., THE TERRIFIED CONTROLMAN'S SUGGESTION WAS CONSIDERED AND...
DROP THE HYDROGEN BOMB ON THE CREATURE!


IN NEW YORK CITY, WARNINGS WERE BROADCAST...IT WAS DETERMINED TO WAIT ONE HOUR WHILE THE POPULACE GOT INTO SHELTERS!
YOU ARE DIRECTED TO TAKE SHELTER IN APPROVED AREAS! EVERYONE MUST BE UNDER COVER WHEN THE BOMB IS DROPPED IN THIS AREA!


THE MONSTER HAS MOVED INTO THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS AND IS MOVING TOWARD THE CITY!
HOTEL

YES, SHE WAS ON THE MARCH! SMASHING OVERHEAD RAILWAYS, REDUCING GREAT BUILDINGS TO RUBBLE, IMPERVIOUS TO FLAMES, PLANES, AND SHELLS!
TO THE SHELTERS!

THEN, THE HOUR WAS UP...THE BOMBER CARRYING THE TERRIBLE WEAPON WAS ON THE WAY!
NEARING TARGET AREA! AM STARTING BOMBING RUN!
RELEASING BOMB!
GOT THE CRITTER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLAST!

THE CITY WAITED...THE EASTERN SEABOARD WAS AT A STANDSTILL AS THE TOWERING ATOMIC CLOUD BEGAN TO DISPERSE IN THE GENTLE WINDS/. THE CREATURE WAS DEAD, THEY MURMURED, AS THEY HUDDLED IN FEAR/ HE MUST BE DEAD/

LOOK...THE SMOKE'S BLOWING AWAY/

THEN, A SUDDEN GUST CLEARED THE AREA AND...

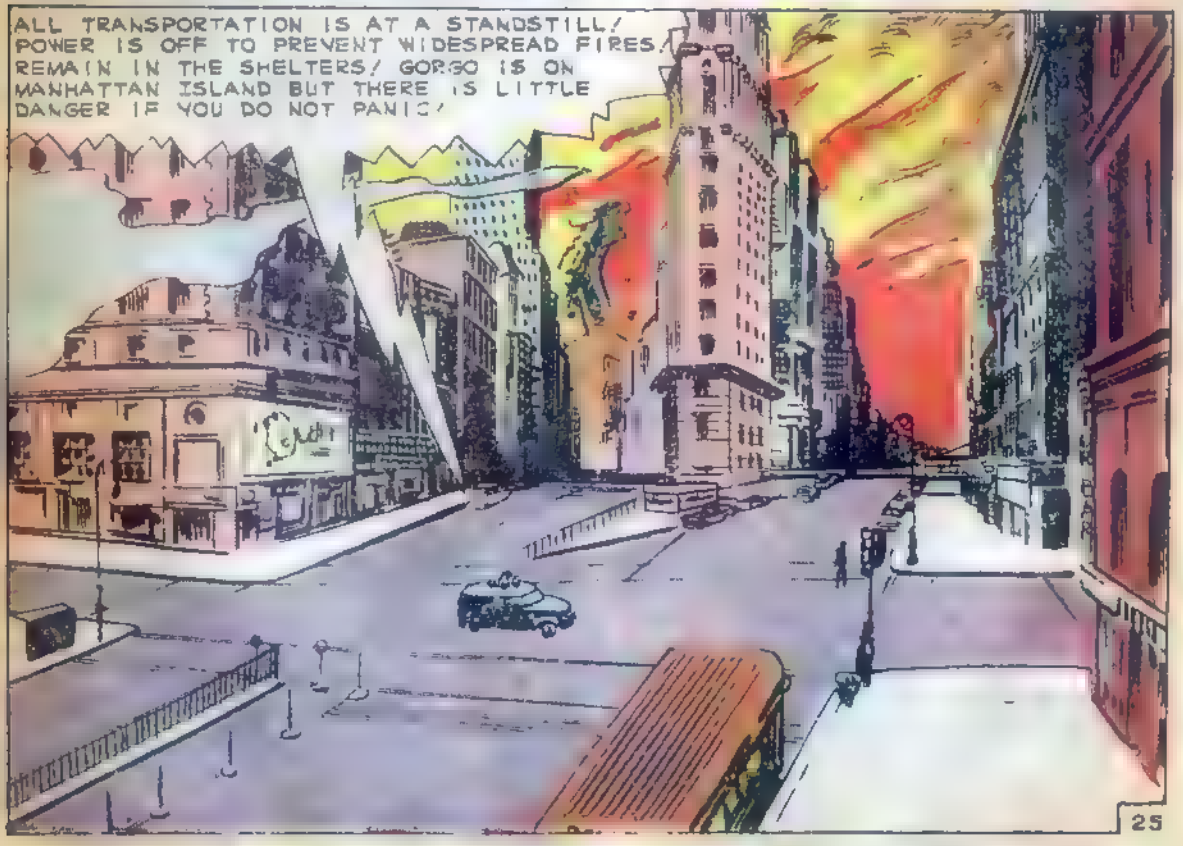
THE MONSTER ISN'T DEAD/ REPEAT/ THE MONSTER ISN'T DEAD/

NOT DEAD, NOT WEAKENED, AND VERY, VERY ANGRY/ SHE MOVED LIKE A GIANT BULLDOZER THROUGH QUEENS, PAUSED AT THE RIVER NEAR THE QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE AND...

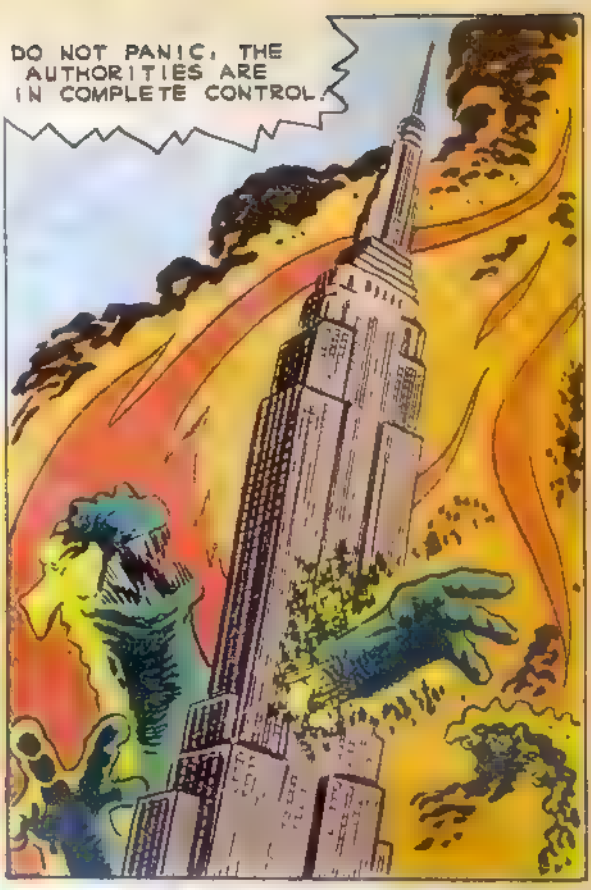
MERRIL HYDE, THE DISCOVERER OF GORGO, WAS IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL/ HIS HELICOPTER HOVERED CLOSE AS THE ADVENTURER STROVE TO THINK OF A WEAPON TO STOP THE MONSTER/

LOOK/ IT'S PUSHING AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING/

THEN, SHE WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT CITY...A CARELESS SWING OF HER TAIL OBLITERATING THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION AREA...


ALL TRANSPORTATION IS AT A STANDSTILL/ POWER IS OFF TO PREVENT WIDESPREAD FIRES/ REMAIN IN THE SHELTERS/ GORGO IS ON MANHATTAN ISLAND BUT THERE IS LITTLE DANGER IF YOU DO NOT PANIC/

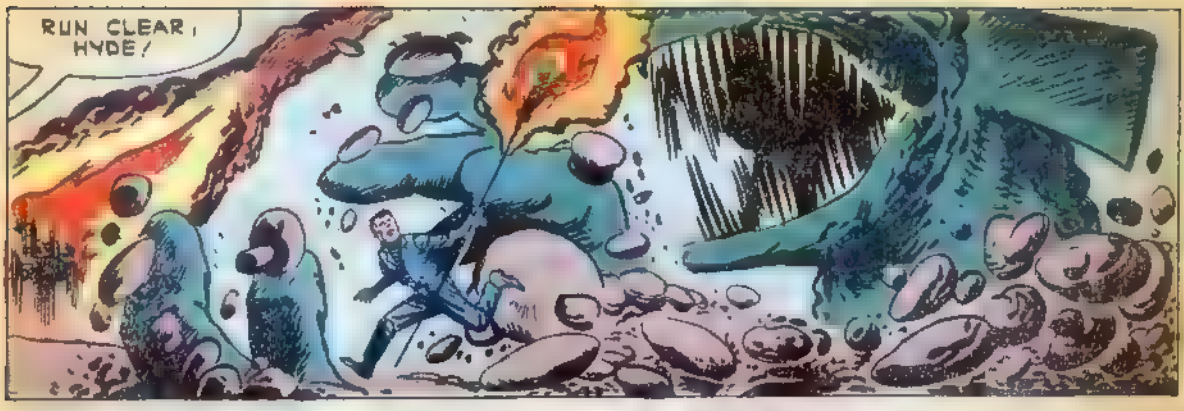
YES, AMOK AMONG THE GREAT BUILDINGS, THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MAN/ BUT THE MONSTER WAS NO RESPECTOR OF WHAT WE'D CREATED/
HE'S HEADING FOR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NOW/

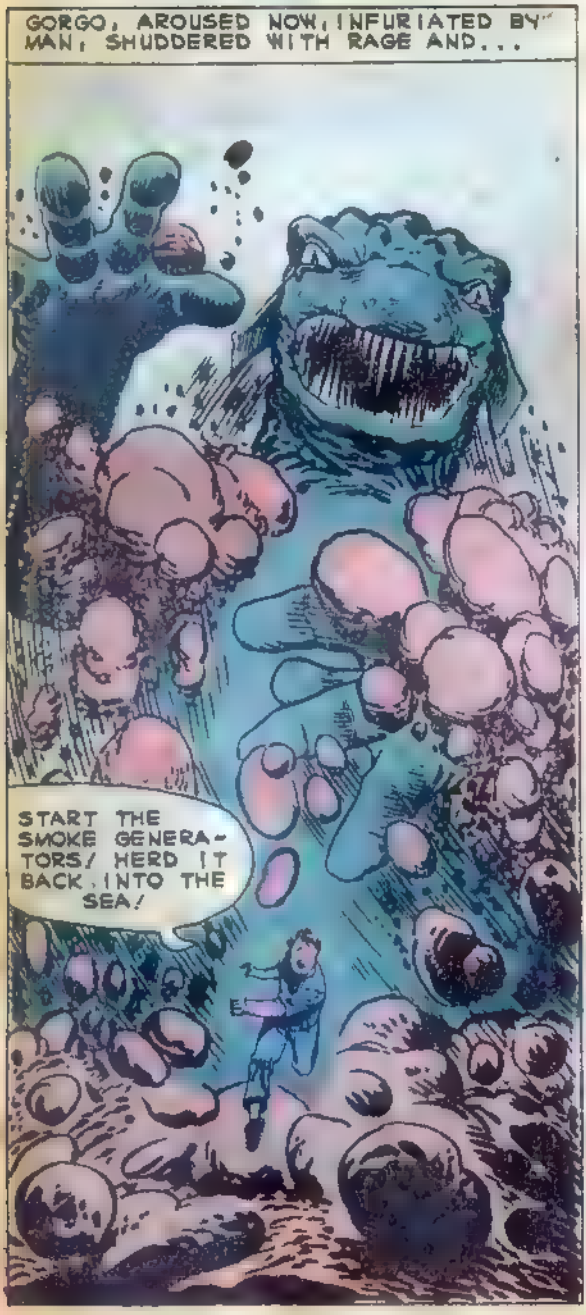

DO NOT PANIC, THE AUTHORITIES ARE IN COMPLETE CONTROL/

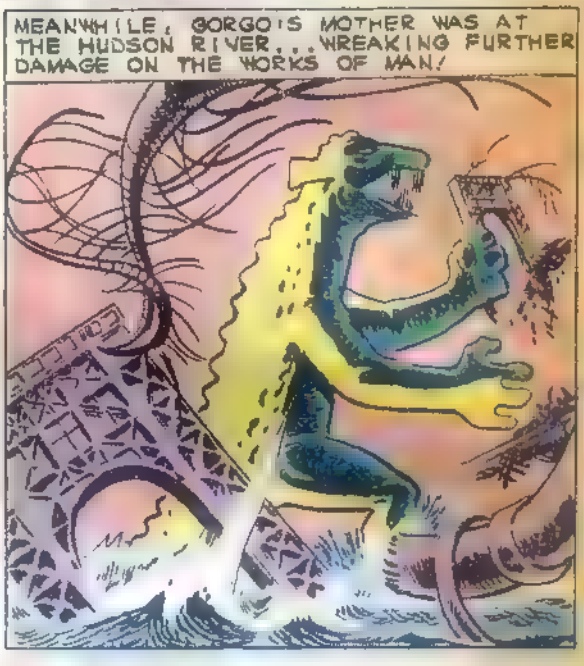
NORTHWARD, THEN, UP BROADWAY, GAY, GLITTERING BROADWAY...

I'VE ASKED WASHINGTON FOR ORDERS, HYDE/ WE HAVE NO WAY OF COPING WITH THIS THING/
THERE IS A WAY AND WE MUST FIND IT/ I'VE GOT IT/ GORGO

MERRIL HYDE DIDN'T EXPLAIN/ HE URGED GENERAL CLEEK INTO THE HELI-COPTER AND...
WE'VE GOT GORGO CAPTURED/ THE MOTHER'S PROWLING RIGHT NOW TRYING TO FIND IT/IF WE STOP ATTACKING AND IF SHE HEARS JUNIOR HOWLING, SHE'LL CROSS OVER TO LONG ISLAND AGAIN...AT LEAST SHE'LL BE CLOSER TO THE SEA/
SIR, GORGO'S QUIETED DOWN NOW/ HE CAN'T MOVE WITH THAT MOUNTAIN OF SAND ON HIS BACK/
SOMEONE GET ME A LONG POLE AND SOME OIL-SOAKED RAGS/
ARE YOU MAD? IF YOU GET IT EXCITED, HE'S LIABLE TO GET FREE AND...
GET AWAY/ I WANT GORGO EXCITED/I WANT IT TO BE FREE... SO WE CAN USE SMOKE TO HERD IT BACK TOWARD THE SEA/STAND BACK/
MERRIL HYDE, AS SAID BEFORE, WAS A BRAVE MAN/ AND NEVER BRAVER THAN WHEN...
HOWL, BLAST YOU, HOWL FOR YOUR MOTHER/


RUN CLEAR, HYDE!

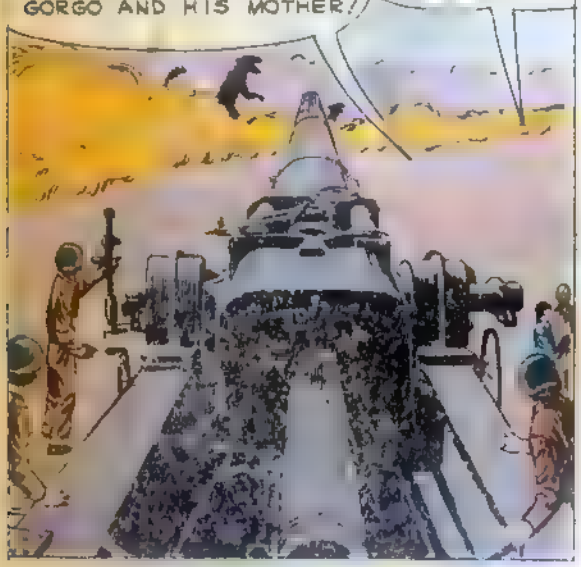

GORGO, AROUSED NOW, INFURIATED BY MAN, SHUDDERED WITH RAGE AND...
START THE SMOKE GENERATORS! HERD IT BACK INTO THE SEA!

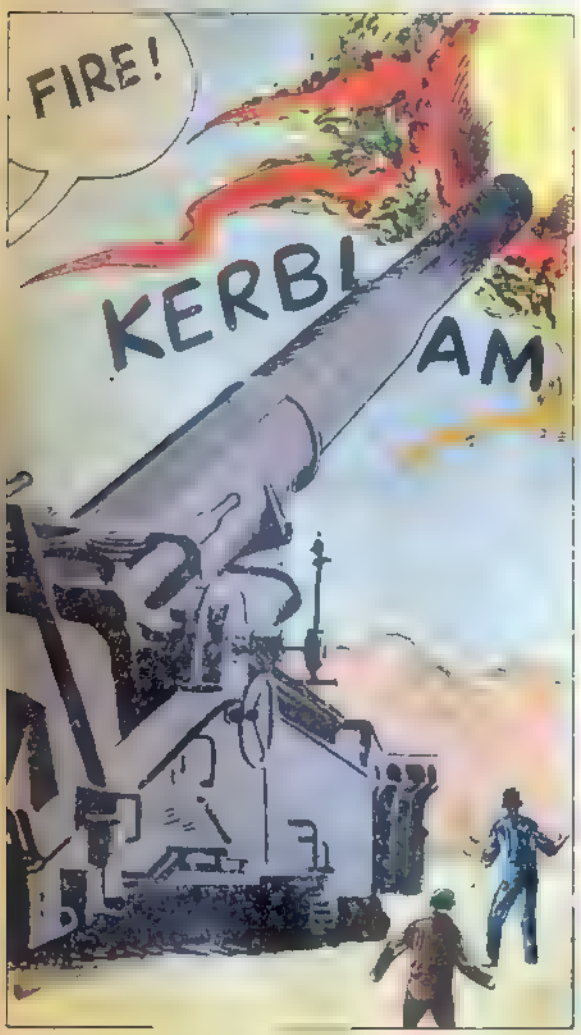

MEANWHILE, GORGO'S MOTHER WAS AT THE HUDSON RIVER...WREAKING FURTHER DAMAGE ON THE WORKS OF MAN!

...AND HE'S HEADING EAST ONCE MORE! HE WILL CROSS MANHATTAN ISLAND ON HIS PRESENT COURSE!

GENERAL, THIS ATOMIC CANNON THROWS A B G SHELL! IF TWO OF THE ATOM C WARHEADS WERE REMOVED, I'D STOP GORGO AND HIS MOTHER!

HOW? HURRY, MAN BEFORE THEY TURN INLAND AGAIN!



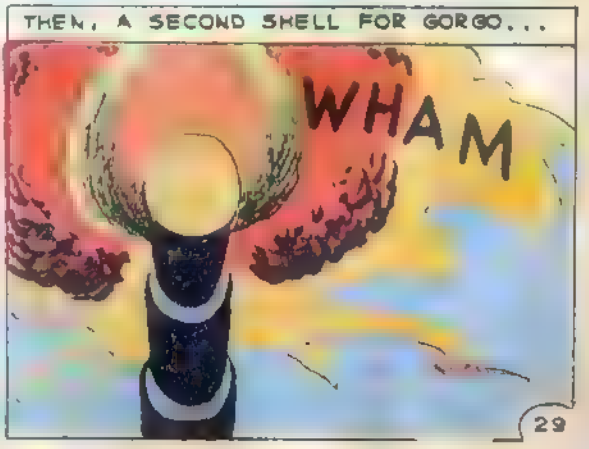


GENERAL CLEEK LISTENED TO HYDE, THEN GAVE THE NECESSARY ORDERS!

THAT MAN'S GOT ENOUGH NERVE DRUG TO PARALYZE THE NATION! IT WILL IMMOBILIZE THE MONSTERS, I'M SURE!

THE SHELL PENETRATED HER SKIN! THE DRUG'S IN HER BODY NOW!

THEN, A SECOND SHELL FOR GORGO...



THE PREHISTORIC CREATURES PAUSED, FEELING AN ODD SENSATION WITHIN THEIR POWERFUL BODIES/ THEN, GORGO, THE SMALLER TOTTERED AND...
IT WORKED ON GORGO BUT...
THE PARENT WOBBLED BUT DID WHAT SHE HAD TO DO/
GOT TO GIVE HER CREDIT, GENERAL/SHE'S SAVING THE YOUNG ONE AND GETTING AWAY/
LET HER GO... SHE'LL DIE AT THE BOTTOM/ MAN WILL NEVER BE TERRIFIED BY EITHER OF THEM AGAIN/
BUT THE GENERAL WAS WRONG/ THE CREATURES WERE MERELY DAZED/
AT LAST, BACK WHERE THEY BELONGED, MILES BELOW THE SURFACE, THE GIANT REPTILES WERE ABLE TO REST/ TO SLEEP, AND PERHAPS, SURVIVE...AND REVIVE AGAIN IN ONE YEAR OR A CENTURY/ NO MAN KNOWS...BUT WE CAN HOPE SHE DOES NOT RETURN WITH HER TERRIBLE OFFSPRING IN OUR LIFETIME/
END

BATCH 345A

For the past six years I have been connected with the Bureau of Fertilizer Research. it is located outside of Washington, D.C. You will find my office when you enter the building. It is the second one to the right. And in gold letters you may observe my name: Dr. Arthur Exter. Under my supervision is a force of about seventy well-trained experts.

Our task is to develop better and better fertilizers so that the farmers of this country as well as of other countries can raise bigger and bigger crops. Whenever we finish a new fertilizer we send it at once to one of our experimental stations. There it is thoroughly tested.

My life has been simple, uneventful but happy, I am married, own my home, and have three children. What more could I ask? When I come home from work, Ted, my youngest son always asks the same question of me?

"Anything exciting happen to you?"

The answer is always the same: "No." Being a gentle soul at heart I really shun the world of thrills, excitement, and the unusual. But then there was the matter of Batch 345A. Young Dan Siemes was in charge of it.

"My first big chance," he thanked me. "I think I can produce a fertilizer that will really raise big tomatoes. Maybe bigger than pumpkins."

"You mean bigger than small pumpkins," teased Dave Fox who was in charge of our control batches. "What I want is the big strawberry. The one so big you get inside and eat your way out."

One thousand pounds of Batch 345A were produced. Then boxed and sent to Hilbert's Island. This was one of our experimental stations and about two mils off the coast. Jeff Perley was in charge of the place. On that Thursday evening I came home. I was greated by Ted with his usual question. Then by my other son and daughter.

We had supper and the children did their homework. Then at nine they went to bed. I took off my shoes and put on my slippers. The phone rang.

"Almost feeling like telling you not to answer it, Grace," I said to my wife. "it must be the Henlows wanting us over for a game of bridge. I really am tired."

My wife took the receiver off the hook and listened to the voice on the other end.

"It is Dr. Milbank. He wants to speak to you."

Dr. Michael Milbank was chief of the Bureau of Fertilizer Research. What did he want at at this time? I answered and just listened. Grace said my face turned white.

"Anything wrong, Arthur?" she asked when I had finished speaking. "I am to wait five minutes. A special car will pick me up. Take nothing with me. I will be given whatever I need. I will be away for an indefinite time. Maybe a day, maybe a week, maybe longer. If people ask where I am or the children want to know just say I am away."

Five minutes later a car with Dr. Milbank and two other men in it called for me. When we came to the edge of the small suburban section, a police motorcycle picked us up. We must been doing more than eighty and hour and we finally came to a pier. A navy speed boat was waiting for us. We went into this boat and I noticed several sailors-all armed. I looked around and saw several destroyers patrolling the area. Something was definitely wrong. But what? My chief hadn't even spoken a single word to me.

Half hour later we landed at Hilbert's Island. I had been there last month. But what a change! Men were digging deep ditches, and others were putting mats made of barbed wire down into the ground, and others were spraying the ground with chemicals. My chief took me into a house. And there I saw somebody that looked like Jeff Perley. It was Jeff, but somehow aged by at least twenty years.

"I'll show you one we have caught and caged in barbed wire," he said. "Then we talk."

We left the house followed by several armed guards. In a field I saw IT! A worm that was about three stories high! I shook my head as though I didn't believe what I saw.

"You are seeing a worm. No dream," began Jeff. "The kind of a worm that the kids call Night Crawlers. Use them for fishing. To come to the point. We used Batch 345 in our left field To raise big tomatoes. But instead there must have been some peculiar kind of a chemical reaction. Look what has happened to the worms in just one week. Can you imagine what could happen to all of us, if worms grew to this size?"

"Where is Dan Siemes?" I wanted to know. "We can find out from him what he did and what went wrong."

"Dan siemes was killed in an automobile accident early this afternoon when he left you. His car skidded and hit a telephone pole. He left no notes behind him. We don't know the formula," explained my chief to me.

"The boxes in which the stuff was packed," I remarked. "We can make a chemical analysis at once."

"You forget the orders," interrupted Jeff Perley. "We burn all containers in which the fertilizers are packed. Then dump the ashes into the sea."

"So we haven't the slightest idea in the world what produced this reaction," I sadly concluded. "At least we are fortunate. No more of that fertilizer. So all we have to do is to get rid of every one of those gigantic worms."

"If we don't do that," sighed my chief, "Then possibilities are terrifying. Offhand it would look as though a gigantic worm should be able to produce more gigantic worms. We have to get every one of them within the next few hours. I have men ready with flaming gas jets ready to go into action.

We have the destroyers patrolling this area. We want nobody to know of what is taking place. It might produce a terrible wave of fear and then panic in the towns and cities."

When I was a boy there was a very simple way for us to catch these worms. We would look for the "tell-tale" holes in the ground. Then watch for them to come to the surface. And when they did, we quickly grabbed them and put them into a can. The next day we would go fishing.

And then all of a sudden I remember a very simple fact. It should be of great help to us in this terrible situation in which we found ourselves.

"Do you know that a worm can drown?" I said to Dr. Milbank. "When you go fishing you eventually have to change worms on your hook. They get water soaked as we might say. Those worms can't swim to the mainland under the water. If they want to get across, they might do it on the surface for some time. But not for long. Now for the worms under the ground. If you were just to cover this place with water they would come up for their own protection. Get hoses and start playing them all over the place."

A radio call was put in to the destroyers. They came close to shore and soon their hoses were laid to the ground and began to shower water all over the ground. I was correct. The worms began to come up to escape the cover of water. They were for the most part destroyed Only three were kept in huge cages made from the barbed wire.

By early morning we knew we had won the battle. There was no longer any danger. Then one of the guards rushed over to us.

"Those worms are shrinking. They are getting smaller and smaller." We didn't believe what we saw. The three worms reminded you of three big balloons. The kind that a kid blow up with all the air in his lungs, then lets the air escape and the balloon gets smaller and smaller. We watched those worms until the three of them were normal in size again. And when they were small, the three of them died!

By nine I was aboard the navy boat and taken to shore. Then I smiled at Dr. Milbank.

"I feel rather hungry. Any place we can eat?"

We found a diner and I had a very good breakfast. For some peculiar reason I didn't even feel tired or upset in any manner.

"You were the only one who was cool and calm," praised Dr. Milbank. "Now go home and get a well-earned rest.

"If you don't mind," I said "I will go to work as usual. But not before I call my wife and tell her I want roast beef for supper. My favorite dish."

So to the office I went and changed my suit which was soiled by the damp earth and sent it out to the cleaners for a rush job. Before I left for home the suit had been cleaned and I changed back to it. I arrived home at the usual time. And Ted gave me the same question:

"Anything exciting happen to you?"

I was raised to tell the truth. Since I hadn't felt the slightest bit of excitement, what could I say? Only the Truth:

"No."

THE END

Gorgo # 2

August 1961 · Charlton

Script: Joe Gill

Art: Steve Ditko

"Gorgo Returns" 30 pgs

"Batch 345A" 2 pgs (Text Story)

36 Scans Total - Cover to Cover COMPLETE

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